$1.00 " year

SEPTEMBER, 1948

The Liberalist

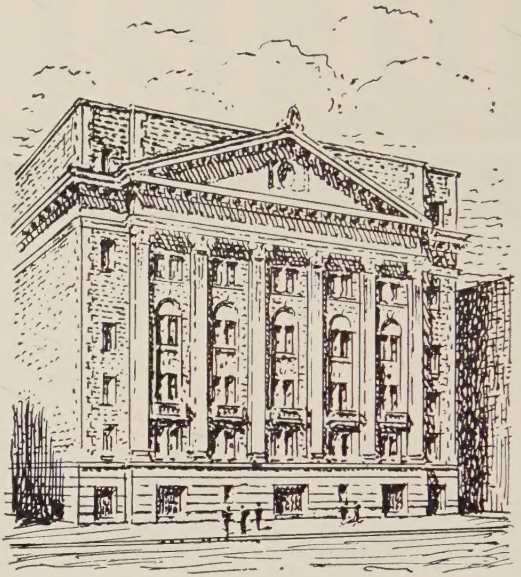
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Work

Work thou for pleasure.
  Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest,
  Though the body starve.
Who works for glory
  Misses oft the goal,
Who works for money
  Coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake,
  Then, and it might be
That these things shall
  Be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox

(From "Poems for the Great Days"
Published by Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **September, 1948** *Number 6*

To the Wayfarer

Ye who pass by and would raise your
hand against me, harken ere you harm me.
I am the heat of your hearth on cold
winter nights,
The friendly shade screening you from
the summer sun,
And my fruits are refreshing draughts
quenching your thirst as you journey on.
I am the beam that holds your house,
the board of your table,
The bed on which you lie, and
the timber that builds your boat.
I am the handle of your hoe,
the door of your homestead,
The wood of your cradle, and
the shell of your coffin.
I am the bread of kindness and
the flower of beauty;
Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer:
"Harm me not."

(The Department of Conservation of Michigan.)

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

The Good, the True, the Beautiful
Our Only Creed

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D., Pastor

* * *

37th Season

OPENING SERVICE

Sunday Morning, 11 a.m.—September 19th
Broadcast by WJJD

Church School of Religious Education—9:30 a.m.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WGN—Beginning Monday evening, September 20th—6 p.m. and every weekday evening, Monday through Friday

WJJD—Beginning Sunday morning, September 19th—11 a.m. and continuing every Sunday morning, 11 to 12:30. 25th Year of continuous broadcasting of the church service.

(*See Church Activities, page 22*)

LEAVE IT TO MOTHER

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

May 9, 1948

THIS annual Mother's Day sermon is always the most difficult sermon which I have to preach throughout the year. I would not infer from that that I look forward to it, or approach it, with any great regret, or that, because it is so difficult, I would wish to avoid it, but it is, throughout the Church year, the most difficult and challenging sermon which I have to preach. Probably that difficulty is inspired and engendered by the fact that the day itself inspires me to open up memory's door. No matter how one would like to apply various solutions to the problems of government and international affairs, of science, of religion, of education, and find something intensely practical and pragmatic that could be applied in the effort to solve the problems of the modern world against the background of the holy sentiment of a mother's love, I find it quite impossible to think of this day and this theme in such a practical manner. To me, there is a mystical quality of love, and mystery is not popular, and people who react in life against the soundingboard of its mystical beauty are usually misunderstood people. They are usually lonely people and they are usually people who find life rather difficult in spite of the beautifying influence of a mystical attitude toward life. There are so many in the world so practical, so mechanical, so physical, so superficial that to them it is meaningless.

I have no illusion about being able to touch such people. I know that I cannot, largely because they are so self-sufficient; they never feel the need to expose themselves to any area of influence that is not conditioned by their own egotism, and anything that would touch life with the lilting impulse of the beautiful, of the good, of the lovely, of the pure, is meaningless to them, and the tragedy is that they don't seem to comprehend what is happening in the degeneration of their own souls. Something cracking in their own lives and they never discover it until it is too late. That is the paramount tragedy of life; that is life's greatest agony!

So, I cannot help but think of this day as a day of memory, and memory has to do pretty largely with the past. Memory does not belong to tomorrow; that's where hope lives and faith; they condition the tomorrows, not memory. Memory belongs to the past, and though I would like to keep the significance and importance of this day away from even the borderline of sentimentality, which is a very cheap and shoddy thing, yet I shall make no effort whatever to keep it away from the borderline of honest sentiment, and shall even cross that line. There is a great difference between sentiment and sentimentality. The day would quite easily lend itself to an expression that could be, with accuracy, designated as pure sentimentality. The line is so close, so mystical that pure sentiment may be difficult to find, but I could not live life with any quality of acceptance and nobility without true sentiment; and this I can no more help than I can help the contour of my head, or the color of my hair, or the shape of my ears; it is just as much a part of

me as these hands; it is just as much a part of me as my breathing—these memories! I would not want to live another hour if my life should be denuded of true and beautiful sentiment. I think I am as grateful as anyone to my Master and to the creative cosmos which gave me birth for the fact that my ears are attuned in the Springtime to the love call of the birds. I have driven over a thousand miles in the last two days in the countryside of America. I have seen the fresh clean, green beauty of unfolding Nature; I have seen farms, and farm boys on tractors and plows turning the good earth of our country; I have seen leaf and bud and flower in the beauty and stillness of growth and life. It is beautiful, and I am so grateful, more grateful than I can ever say, that deep in my soul there is sentiment; that my eyes are not blinded nor my ears deafened by the vibrations of filth and dirt and ugliness until the falsity of life has stripped me of appreciation of life's beauty and life's best: that's sentiment. That is true sentiment. There is not one iota of sentimentality about that, not one. That's real. The laughter in the face of a little child, the wagging of a dog's tail who responds to your affection, the beauty of a sunset, the majesty of a star-spangled sky, all this is sentiment, and he whose heart has become so seared by the ugliness and bitterness of life that he has lost that, has lost everything. That is the final tragedy.

So I don't apologize for sentiment. I could not live without it. I think life would be unbearable if it were conditioned by the aura of my own selfishness; I think it would be unlivable; I think I should want to die. That is why on this day I don't see the problems of the world against the background of the day as so many people do; memory precludes that. It is a day, for me, of dedication; a day in which I recapture something that was almost lost but retrieved in time. That's the significance of the day and that is what memories do for one when he is wading up to his neck in the filth of life; when he is grounded by unwholesome and unclean people (and unwholesome people always attract unwholesome people), when he finds life's brutality stabbing him until his conscience becomes dulled and nothing in him revolts against the tragedy of sin. Many people have come to that hour in life when they justify the worst in themselves. The curtain of a dead conscience drops, so they justify the filth of life, its sin, its grossness, its temporary pleasure; they justify it. Then conscience retreats, God weeps, hearts break and there are tears, all because they would not be their best selves; they compromised, withered, and the wellsprings of beauty died, and their faces became coarse, ugly things, and the beautiful auras of their personalities that were a benediction become something to be despised, and their very presence becomes stagnant, withered.

What is one of the avenues that can change all that? What is it that happens to human hearts when the emptiness of it all becomes obvious? What is it that can come back into the life and say to you and to me, "You loved beautiful things once; you liked the best of music; you liked the best of art; you liked the best of friends; you liked lovely things—you did, once"—what happens to a life so it can recapture this quest of beauty and love? I know. Memory. MEMORY! As long as there is a little moment in your life that did not quite die, that remains unpolluted by all that life has done to you, one little segment, and there nestles the most precious thing of life, memory, when you were your

best, there is hope, and there is recovery. It does not matter what you have been; it does not matter what you have done; it does not matter what they have done to you. There comes a time when because you have been hurt so deeply nothing again can ever hurt you—nothing. And if that little area of your life has not been contaminated, there is hope. You can find your way back again to the beauty and the cleanness and the honor and the integrity of life. That is why people who have failed and sinned and stumbled along the trenches of life can take hope for these tomorrows; they can begin all over again. That's the beautiful part about it; nothing is final, not one thing, and it is these memories that do that for us.

That is what inspires me on Mother's Day—the memories—almost too intimate to talk about, almost too fragile to express in words, but these memories when life was young . . . O, young men of this School (Coyne Electrical) here today, whatever your religion, whatever your faith, and I hope you have both; whatever your ambitions for life; whatever your ideals, and I hope you have many; (you have or you would not be in this School)—whatever they are I wish as I have never wished before that I could put these words into the depth of your souls so that you would never forget them: Our trails have crossed this morning, you are here; they may never cross again; I may never see you again, but we are together in this hour. I wish I could make you see and understand the full beauty of youth. You have youth; there are no yesterdays in your life; there is no past in your life; with most of you there aren't any scars yet; life has not scarred you. There are problems, there are difficulties, there are struggles, temptations, but you are young and you have all this before you; don't let anything happen to it; don't become seared with the practical, mechanical world, with things; don't let anything happen to the sanctity of the temple; don't let anything happen to that.

Memories! The memories of that childhood; fortunate; O God, and grateful to Thee for a childhood humble, poor; my father, young men, was the village blacksmith; he pounded iron; my mother was the village seamstress, she sewed for other people. They married, we were poor, quite poor, but in that hour the beauty, the joy, the grandeur of it when life was so simple, so plain, it did not need adornment, it was already jewelled by love. It did not need the caprices of artificially created emotions stimulated by drink and a thousand other deadly things to make us bearable to each other; it did not need the caprices of a modern world that accepts without protest the things that kill the soul: it was so simple. Sometimes I think, ladies and gentlemen, that in this modern world, lost in a fog of insecurity, drenched by the storms of hate, religious, racial and credal—sometimes I think if all the world, for just a day, could be quiet, still, and all the people in it could have an opportunity to be touched by the memories of life when it was simple, and when people were not demanding nor exacting, but took you to their hearts for what you were; where when there was sorrow and want and illness, it was a neighbor's hand and not a government institution that spread the beautiful mantle of charity over the needy. No one in our little community of less than five hundred people, when I was a lad, was ever in want. We shared. I have seen my mother in the midnight hour leave for a neighbor's house where children were sick, and care for them with love and devotion straight through the night.

I have seen stricken families who lost their little nest-egg put by for a day when it rained, and the rain came and the nest-egg was not there; and I have seen neighbors dip their hands into the granary of their love and feed the poor, clothe the naked: that's how we did it in the simplicity of life.

And so I stand in my pulpit on this Mother's Day and express to the blessed spirits of my father and mother my gratitude for lovely memories. My father never went to school a day after he was fourteen, and my mother never went to school a day after she was fifteen. They were not learned, they had no degree, they had no social position, they had no veneer, they were just what they were. I would not have had them different for all the gold in the world. I would not have changed one thing in their hearts, not one thing, and in those memories which come to me in this hour as I stand here I can see as though it were but yesterday, not longer ago than yesterday, maybe it was last night, no, perhaps it was an hour ago . . . it was Christmas night, thirty-five years ago; I had been home in our little home for Christmas. Mother had done her best with that Christmas dinner, everything she thought we would like. She made me a cherry pie, and I love cherry pie. I had to leave Christmas night. The station was a half mile from our home. It was a slow train. I said "Good-bye" to her in the kitchen by an old-fashioned kitchen stove . . . old-fashioned things, after all, are new-fashioned when they keep love alive . . . I said "Good-bye" to her, and "Good-bye" to my father that night. As we walked down the outside stairs of the back porch of our little home, I walked around and looked through the window. There she stood, she was wiping her eyes with her apron. I never saw her again except in death. It was the last Christmas she lived; Mother's Day was the last Sunday she lived. I see her across the thirty-five years this morning—memories. The only prayer of my heart is that those tearless eyes of my mother in the eternal peace and beauty of God will remain tearless when she looks at me. I don't want to bring any tears to those eyes of love.

How about *You?* How about *You?* How about *You?* This is not sentimentality; this is earth's purest and heaven's most refined sentiment; pure love—keep it that way. Write to her today. If you can call her, call her this afternoon. Don't let the day pass. Memories of my life stab me today. If those memories should ever die, I die, my soul dies, every decent beautiful things dies when they die. In the honor and in the memory, young man, of your mother, keep life beautiful.

THOUGHTS ON A BIRTHDAY

(Dr. Bradley celebrated a birthday on August 18th. A faithful listener to his broadcasts sent in the following lines.)

What does one think about on a birthday? Another year gone by—what has been done with it? What is accomplished? What remains undone that was planned? For a birthday is a very handy milestone to reckon by. And some folks are sad on birthdays; some are glad; and other folks just dread them! But oh what a beautiful thing is a birthday when one can count a year well spent. A year of helping others—a year of inspiration to those present each Sunday in church; or to hundreds in an unseen audience about the country who listen

with ears attuned to the radio and mind intent, waiting for the word that will help. Oh, the worth of a birthday with such a result!

Or the worth of a birthday when one has written books that comfort, that help, that inspire! When one talks nightly to an unseen throng, a throng perhaps that knows no church, but a throng that thrills to the philosophy they hear; a throng encouraged to strive onward and upward to new and better ways of living.

Oh, the worth of a birthday like that, with cards and letters of gratitude pouring in from people one has never seen, but whom one has helped —immeasurably!

Yes, there can be happy thoughts on a birthday—like that!

ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

To Be Held Earlier Than Usual This Year

This year the Annual Peoples Church Bazaar will be held in November, Thursday the 18th and Friday the 19th. It was felt by the women of the church that it would be better to leave the busy month of December entirely in the hands of Christmas and its resulting activities.

This means that the women who have the Bazaar in charge have been busier than usual this summer making their plans and putting them into execution.

Ever since the Peoples Church was organized the Woman's Club has sponsored this annual bazaar and, therefore, the responsibility of the Chairmanship of the entire Bazaar falls on the shoulders of the president of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Walter Stehle. There are many, many booths at the Bazaar, each one in charge of a member of the Bazaar Committee. There are booths for fancy goods, for aprons, for food and candy, handkerchiefs and towels, pillow cases and miscellaneous; there's a kitchen booth, a refreshment booth, a white elephant booth, a platform display of the larger and more elegant donations; the Men's Club, the Choir and the Uptown Players have a booth each, as well as the Professional and Business Woman's Club.

The Professional and Business Woman's Club puts all its efforts into the one booth, which is always very attractive, with a great variety of worthwhile articles. The chairman of their booth this year is the very capable and efficient Dorothea Thompson, a past president of the club.

Among the more expensive items at the Bazaar may be found quilts, radios, cameras, luggage, baskets of groceries, Oriental rugs and anything which an individual or a business house may generously donate.

Dinner is served each evening of the Bazaar, and a luncheon on Thursday, as well as light refreshments on Wednesday evening after the book lecture, when the Bazaar is always officially opened by Dr. Bradley. The booths are trimmed on Tuesday night, and thus the entire week is a very busy one for the workers in this project.

Mrs. Walter Stehle, president of the Woman's Club, is well known for her ability in bringing to a successful conclusion whatever she may undertake. Therefore, if every friend and member of the church takes it upon himself or herself to do the utmost possible in behalf of the Bazaar, this can well be the very greatest Bazaar ever held at 941 Lawrence Avenue.

WE FACE THE FUTURE

I AM in my 37th year as pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago. That is a long time for a city minister, particularly in Chicago, where the average pastorate is only seven years. These have been wonderful years—a blending of sunshine and shadow, smiles and tears, failures and victories, happiness and sorrow. Yet every year of the past is an encouragement for the future. I am confident our best years are yet to come. The past has made its record. There it is, and it would be tragedy to dwell upon it to the detriment of a still greater future.

Today as I sit at my writing table in my little study here in the North Woods of Minnesota, over 600 miles away from my Church, I am dreaming about that future. What can we do to maintain and surpass our glorious past? What can I do that will enable the Church to be an important and necessary factor in the life of our splendid city? How can I make my sermons so vital and human that the people will feel that to miss a service is to experience a genuine loss? How can we successfully avoid the deadening, devitalizing influence of getting in a rut?

We have tried to make our services of an artistic, educational and inspiring character. The response of the people evidences that such an effort goes not unrewarded. Yet there is hardly a moment when I am not anxious about the future. Daily I ask myself, "What can I do to keep growing?" For every empty seat in a service I think I have failed with that person who did not attend. No man in the American pulpit has ever been blessed with a more loyal church, and regularly year in and year out, with larger congregations. But I cannot be content with the past. Every year is a new year to me. Every service is a new experience. I try in every sermon to preach as though it were my first in the Church and I was pleading for a verdict. I often wonder in those quiet moments of contemplation away from the crowds, the enthusiasm, the delightful spirit, if my people really know how everlastingly concerned I am for the Church. It is my life and for it I would give my life.

Although there are those who think they are far from being religious, yet people are interested in religion as never before. Science has widened the areas of knowledge. Modern inventions have increased the means of information. Superstition and fear hold no sway in a world of research and inquiry. Mechanical perfections have introduced an unprecedented amount of leisure time. Economic conditions have brought the five-day week in industry and shorter hours of toil. All is change and all is contributing to a new social condition. What has religion to do with all this? What place will our church have in the new orientation? Will it longer appeal or be considered a necessity? Do the people feel the need of matters spiritual? Do machinery and mechanics and organization and efficiency and movement and noise and social service and community spirit take the place of quiet moments of communion and fellowship with the things that endure? Will the "things that are seen" become the only reality?

As I sit here amid the beauty of the pine and birch and hear the caressing of trembling water against the rocks along the shore of this little island, I seem to hear the voices of the people crying out in unison—"Materialism is not enough; success is not enough; we need something more; something which gives meaning to all these." To give

meaning and interpretation to the facts and experiences of life—this is religion. This I want to do this winter as never before. I face the future with this ideal throbbing through my whole being. We have problems—many of them. The machinery must be kept oiled and working smoothly. There must be greater sacrifice in our giving. We must be adventuresome. Tolerance and sympathetic consideration must always be practiced. Will you help me this winter in the work I am trying to do?

What a year it will be if we unite our hearts, our heads and our hands in one great personality of helpfulness! Thousands on the air will catch the spirit of our institution. People of all classes and conditions will throng our services. The Peoples Church will be a power-house of spiritual energy. It will be a "haven of hope," a "rock in a weary land," a beacon of courage, and a necessity in the lives of people.

I am closing this heart-to-heart talk with you by asking every member, every friend, radio-listener and reader to adopt this program for the year:

1. Attend service regularly. Acquire the habit.
2. Unite with some organization in the Church.
3. Greet some stranger at the services.
4. Maintain perfect silence on entering the auditorium.
5. Enroll your children in the Church School.
6. Invite all house guests to the services.
7. Subscribe to The Liberalist — mailed to any address, one year for $1. Each number contains a sermon.
8. Become a regular weekly contributor. Envelopes mailed from the Church office.

I will do my best. May I count on you?

Preston Bradley

A GREAT AND NOBLE GROUP!

We present to our readers the following Unitarians:

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore, William Howard Taft.

STATESMEN: John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Fischer, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Ames, and many others.

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT: John Marshall, Joseph Storey and William H. Taft.

THE FIELD OF LITERATURE: Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Bret Hart, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Thoreau, Helen Hunt Jackson, E. C. Stedman, Louisa M. Alcott, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HISTORIANS: Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Parkman, John Fiske, and others.

EDUCATORS: Horace Mann, Peter Cooper, Ezra Cornell, David Starr Jordan, Charles W. Elliot, and every President of Harvard since 1810.

SCIENTISTS: Agassiz, Bowditch, Priestly, Draper, Steinmetz, Millikan, Edison, and others.

UNITARIAN WOMEN: Margaret Fuller, Dorothy Dix, Lucretia Mott, Julia Ward Howe, Lydia Child, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and others.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

I AM sure that the older old Chicagoans will remember old Rush Street Bridge. Many years ago I was walking across it and it was raining quite hard, but I didn't mind that. You know John Burroughs said, "The test of a Nature Lover is whether he loves the rain and the wind." You see, anyone can like a nice, bright day, or rave over a sunset, or enjoy a moonlight night, but the test is, whether you love the rain and the wind. Well, I was walking across the bridge with my coat collar up and a cap pulled down over my eyes, and I bumped into a man who had on a heavy raincoat and was walking in the opposite direction, with his head down and his hat pulled over his eyes. I said, "I'm sorry, excuse me." He said, "That's quite all right, you like the rain, too." And when I said I did, he said, "I want to know you, if you like the rain too." I looked into his face and knew him immediately, for it was not many evenings before that I had sat in a theatre and had seen him in an interpretation of one of the great classic plays of our literature—the play of Peer Gynt—for the man to whom I was speaking and whom I had just met, and who became my friend until his death, was that fine, distinguished gentleman, scholar and great actor, Richard Mansfield, who had to struggle and fight to reach that enviable position which he occupied in the American theatre, as one of the great interpreters of the classics.

Mr. Mansfield never remembered when he did not want to be a great actor. As a child, like a great many children, he loved to mimic people. His mother opposed him in his ambition very bitterly. She wanted him to go into business and follow the mercantile profession. This was revolting to Mansfield, so he had his first part when he was a young lad of 17. His mother thought she would humiliate and embarrass him sufficiently so that he never would think of the theatre again, so at the opening performance of the play, in which he had a very minor part, she and two of her friends engaged seats not far from the

front of the stage. When this boy, with his dreams of greatness in the theatre—and at its best it is a noble profession, with great social and cultural values—but when this boy came on in the play, he was publicly ridiculed by his mother. She taunted him, she and her friends laughed, whispered and did everything in the world they could do to defeat him. He went through his part, but he said he went to his dressing room and wept bitterly. It seemed that the world had dropped away from him that he should be treated like that, but he said to himself: "I will take my life and develop every bit of it to the perfection of my art. No one can stop me. I believe that I have unlimited possibilities and I shall do my best to develop them." Nothing stopped him. Early in life he realized that he was unlimited by any influence that could be constructed about him to defeat the highest purposes of his life.

Now, are we all constituted in such a way that our success in life consists in decreasing our limitations? Is it possible for us to have such a clear conception of what those limitations are that we can make it our supreme business to decrease them? Most of us are very poor critics of ourselves. We can easily criticize someone else and discover what is wrong with them, and we can easily build up an argument for our own side of the situation; but it is a far more difficult thing to be a self-critic; to take the situation that comes into our life and sit down with it frankly and say: "What did I do, or what have I said, that has contributed to this situation?" Self-analysis is much more difficult than any other kind, but none of us can experience the full fruition of an ever-growing personality and ever-developing victory in living until first of all we enter into an exhaustive and definitive self-criticism. The trouble with us is, from our own point of view, we are always right and the other fellow always wrong. There is not a person who is living up to his or her own possibilities. If you feel in pretty much of a chaos, frustrated, lots of trouble and worry, just turn the searchlight on yourself, and you will discover an available source of power, which, when you open up the channels and the avenues for that power, will flood your soul and you will find yourself developing strength and poise, a solidarity, a feeling of security, that nothing on earth can shake! Is there jealousy in your heart? Is there envy? Opposition? Don't expect a miracle if you retain an obstacle. There is some disciplining you must do. You have got to clear out the old festering sores of your heart. Perhaps you have lied about someone; perhaps you have been unkind; perhaps you have slandered and gossiped. Perhaps you have been *little* when you should have been *big*. We wonder how we can transmit into action our ideals so that these ideals can have sway in our lives. Well, we have to begin in our own hearts. When we clear away all that clutters up the channels, the heart and mind are cleansed, the head becomes rarified and the old jealousies, animosities and hatreds are uprooted, and then, though trouble may come in and flood and encompass our lives, there still is a power that reveals our own possibilities.

The mere fact that none of us is living up to his best does not predicate that we never can. Set no barriers for yourself. Admit no obstacles or barricades. Anything in the way? Look at it, examine it, analyze your own relationship to the self-construction of it, clean up your own life and there will be an influx of that power to which there is no limit—unlimited you! All the tears we create and the burdens we

build, the hours of agony we induce for ourselves and by ourselves, and all the mountains we might climb and the heights we might span and the sweep and glory and beauty of triumphant living we might experience, if we only would hew great spaces for our souls!

Build a stately presence, a beautiful presence. You are unlimited! There is no limit for you! I knew a woman not many years ago who was stricken with polio—infantile paralysis—and as happens so frequently with adults, the resultant paralysis was tragic. One of those well-meaning ladies—you know the type—came into her sickroom where she was experiencing the tragedy of it and said to her: "Oh, my dear, I suppose an illness like this *does* color one's life, doesn't it?" And this great soul replied, "Yes, yes, it does color one's life, but I choose the color!"

(The following lines are from the poem "Will" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and taken from the anthology "It Can Be Done" by Morris and Adams.)

"You will be what you will be;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word 'environment,'
But spirit scorns it and is free.

"Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands;
When spirit rises and commands
The gods are ready to obey.

"The river seeking for the sea
Confronts the dam and precipice,
Yet knows it cannot fail or miss;
You will be what you will be!"

P.B.

OUR 37th YEAR

ONWARD TO THE FUTURE

Onward to the future,
With no place for fear.
Blend our hearts and voices
In Thy cause most dear.
We are not divided;
Live for aims sublime;
Pledge ourselves forever
To the end of time.

Let us all press forward,
Never fail our dreams,
Till with thy love guiding
Victory on us beams.
Faithful we will ever
Stand for truth and right
Till the darkness passes
And prevails the light.

PRESTON BRADLEY.

BOOK CHATS

THE first book I have chosen to bring to your attention is by Harriet Eager Davis, and is called "World on My Doorstep," a rather intriguing title I think. Harriet Eager Davis is the third from the bottom in a minister's family of eight children, and grew up in Baltimore. Coming to New York as a young woman, she became the editor of one of the Butterick magazines, and wrote several children's books and many stories and articles. She married Malcolm Davis, an international specialist, and gave up professional work to raise her own family, and eventually her husband's work took the family to Geneva, which supplies the background for this book which she calls "World on My Doorstep." This occurred during those fateful years between the first and second World Wars, and it is an intimate, human story of a young wife who cheerfully broke up her comfortable American home and followed her husband abroad.

In her opening chapter on "Why This Book?" the author tells us: "I never wanted to become interested in international affairs. Twenty years ago, like my country, I was completely bored with all foreign politics. They still bore me, temperamentally. I should prefer to pursue the pleasant paths of personal life, untouched by war or the rumors of war, never forcing my fly-away fancies into the harsh, sober channels of masculine thought, and to let 'the others' shoulder the social responsibilities of my own fate. But I have come, painfully, to see that this is a childish immaturity, that mothers like myself pay too dearly for our indifference. In this strange era we are entering, the combined efforts of men and women, pulling together, may be barely enough to avert catastrophe. That is why I have written this account of my own slow and halting growth." And then she adds: "The project, in a world full of experts, seems absurd, for I am still so ignorant. Yet, since I started from scratch and thought things out for myself, my experience may encourage others, especially women, who stand appalled before the baffling complexities of the international world. For I have learned that anyone who wishes to, can understand the problems that lead to war, and that until we understand, we can do nothing, least of all vote intelligently, to maintain the peace we all now so passionately desire."

In Geneva, turned into the crossroads of the world by the League of Nations, the author's husband represented the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The author, the woman of the family, endeavored with real American energy and humor, to bring up two small boys and bear a third in two languages. She gives a friendly account of maintaining American home life abroad, of the servant problem in German, French and Norwegian, and gives an understanding report on all the famous, near famous and even infamous celebrities who thronged Geneva. Her account is both charming and wise. Mrs. Davis has the gift of the true story teller and she draws very readable and vital comparisons between the problems which defeated the League of Nations then, and the problems which confront the United Nations now. Her style is simple and convincing.

When she first reached Geneva, her home and her babies and her husband were much more important than any dry League of Nations, but after spending many years in Europe, seeing her oldest son enlist in the Navy, in the war his father had devoted his life to prevent, and had suffered the loss of a beloved nephew in the Battle of the Bulge, she then felt she wanted to tell what she had learned. She definitely admits that if she had not married an international specialist, had not lived in Geneva and Paris during the tragic years when a wrangling group of national leaders were dragging the League of Nations downhill, if Pearl Harbor had not enlisted her oldest boy in the Navy, and killed her brother's firstborn, soon after the Battle of the Bulge, the book would not have been written. She says her only excuse for looking back and letting the heart break because the world's tragedy could have been avoided is that our future may copy our past.

The problem that faced us after the last war—settling disputes without murder—is no different in essence from what faces us today. Many who once felt hopeful now turn despairingly away from the face of chaos into the illusory security of personal life. Mrs. Davis says "To them, and especially to women, I offer this history of three American boys growing up abroad under the shadow of coming tragedy, with a father who saw it coming and a mother who only woke up when it struck. It was like a melody in the treble gradually drowned out by the thunder of the bass, and it began with the gayer notes." Her neighborly, everyday attitude and her sensible, specific suggestions are a challenge to every man or woman who realizes that this time we cannot allow the peacemakers to fail.

The helpful, hopeful thing about this book, as I see it, is that she closes the book with a chapter which she calls "What Can We Do Now?" She says when you first wake up to the fact that you are, willy-nilly, a citizen of the world, you get very excited. Then your ego deflates until it becomes an insignificant speck in a harsh and illogical universe not of your own choosing. Since you cannot personally control the use of the atomic bomb or feed a million starving people, you wonder if anything you do will matter in the long run. "This mood I know only too well; but for anyone claiming intelligence or maturity, it is a childish view." She then relates endless things you can do. "Over and over," says Mrs. Davis, "I hear the specialists themselves declaring desperately that unless the public becomes better informed and more responsible in international questions, the battle for peace is already lost. They know our importance in making our own fate, even if we do not." If you are one of the many who have said to me again and again, "Dr. Bradley, what can I do to help bring about peace?" I know you will be grateful to me for calling your attention to this book which was published last September by Simon and Schuster—"World on My Doorstep" by Harriet Eager Davis.

* * *

I am sure almost every person who will read this book chat has heard of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Many of you have read his several books; many of you have heard him on the air; he has a program Sunday mornings during the summer which is heard throughout the Midwest. Many of you have probably attended his church, which is the oldest Protestant church in America — the Marble Collegiate Church of Lower Fifth Avenue, New York—founded 318 years ago, in and out of whose doors go the people of

all faiths and creeds. Besides the book which I am now to discuss, he has written three books: In 1937, "The Art of Living;" 1938, "You Can Win," and in 1940, "Faith Is the Answer." The last book I have mentioned was written in collaboration with the well-known psychologist, Dr. Smiley Blanton. A recent issue of the American Magazine ran a feature article on Dr. Peale's Psycho-Religious Clinic, which he has at Marble Collegiate Church. It is upon his long experience as a religious counsellor, working with a staff of psychiatrists, that Dr. Peale has based his latest book which has the attractive and explanatory title of "A Guide to Confident Living."

The new alliance between psychiatry and religion offers methods for creating a buoyant attitude that provides prescriptions for dealing with chronic worry, sense of inferiority, frustration and other troubles that destroy confidence in facing problems. I have said enough already about the book to suggest to many of my listeners that it might cover some of the same field as Dr. Liebman has done in his famous book, "Peace of Mind." Well, it does, but it treats the problem in a much more practical, less philosophical manner; it is more easily read, uses simpler language, and does not require a previous knowledge of psychology in order to know what Dr. Peale is saying. It is not as intellectual a book, but it is plain, simple, practical, and ought to have a wider appeal than Dr. Liebman's book, "Peace of Mind." As he says in his own introduction, "over a considerable period, the author has had the opportunity to work with large numbers of people facing modern problems in the heart of America's greatest city. . . . The author has evolved a specific technique designed to lead people to personal happiness and success. This method has worked for the many who have put it into practice. Its efficiency has been amply demonstrated; it has been tested and found satisfactory by hundreds of people. It has produced amazing results in the personal experience of many. It has indeed proved a guide to confident living. Yet the principles of happiness and success presented in this book are not new. They were not created by the author but are as old as the Bible. In fact, they are the simple principles taught in the Bible today. If the technique possesses any uniqueness it lies in the effort to show how to use these principles in a practical and understanding manner suited to modern man. The book may seem repetitious at times. That is because it is a text book of a formula. It hammers on one basic procedure and repetition is the master of studies, as the classic saying goes. Reiteration is essential in persuading the reader to practice; to try and try again. If water wears away a stone, so does emphasis, even at the danger of repetition, wear away our apathy toward self-betterment. The book is not theoretical. It contains the detailed description of a technique of living that can lead those who definitely put it into operation to confident living. The book is written with one primary purpose; to state and demonstate a simple, workable technique of thinking and acting that has revitalized the lives of thousands of moderns.

The important substance in the book is the how-ness. It tells HOW you may achieve your most cherished desires. And the book presents in simple outline those formulas which make life work successfully. Each chapter deals with an aspect of the unified theme of the book, and the tested method is applied to some of the basic causes of unhappiness and failure, tension, fear, inferiority, wrong thinking and other

mental handicaps. Not every factor in successful and happy living is discussed, for that is neither possible nor necessary. The formula is applied to enough factors, however, to teach the reader how to use techniques which are applicable to all situations. The method is sufficiently developed to show the reader what he wants to know and the book in every sense realizes its objective of being a guide to confident living. By merely giving you the titles of the chapters of the book you will be able to see how adequately he has covered his subject. Here they are:

A New-Old Way to Free Your Powers.

Don't Keep Your Troubles to Yourself.

How to Get Rid of Your Inferiority Complex.

How to Achieve a Calm Center for Your Life.

How to Think Your Way to Success.

Prayer—the Most Powerful Form of Energy.

Forget Failures and Go Ahead.

How to Be Free from Fear.

How Power and Efficiency Can Be Yours.

How to Avoid Getting Upset.

How to Attain Married Happiness.

How to Meet Sorrow—and the concluding chapter which is one of the most vital of the book, is entitled,

"Change Your Thoughts and You Change Everything."

In the second chapter, on "Don't Keep Your Troubles to Yourself," Dr. Peale tells of being at a railroad station newsstand, when his attention was drawn to an extensive display of magazines and books dealing with the common problems of living. "I notice you have a great deal of this literature for sale," he said to the sales girl. "Yeah," she said rather slangily, "And I'm tellin' you that stuff sure does sell." "More than murder mysteries or movie magazines?" he inquired. "Yeah, more than all of those, and they even outtop the love stories. Believe me," she declared, "this self-improvement or self-help literature is what we count on to pay the profits of this business." And then Dr. Peale asked her "What's the reason?" "The answer is easy," she replied. "The poor things (referring to her customers) get all tangled up. There are so many things they want to get away from, mostly themselves, I suppose. I guess they're looking for someone to release them from all their troubles." Well, one learns not to be surprised at wisdom from unexpected sources. An observant sales girl, daily serving the public, may develop shrewd insights into the ways of human nature and the needs of human beings. As Dr. Peale walked away, her wise words rang in his ears: "The poor things are all tangled up. They are looking for someone to release them from all their troubles."

Well, of course, as he says, "it is a very large order, but somebody has to perform this function of release for modern people and to meet the situation a whole new profession has developed. That of personal counseling. It is not in a strict sense new, for there have always been men who have dealt with personal problems; however, it is only within recent years that it has become a specialized undertaking. People have developed higher tension, greater nervousness, deeper fears, profounder anxieties and more severe neuroses and complexes. It is one of the marked characteristics of our time. It must be borne in mind that the beneficiaries of this new profession are not people of distorted mental life or pathological persons. The profession's primary function is to keep normal people normal. It deals with the common fears, anxieties, hates and guilt

reactions of everyday people. Modern man is beginning to realize that primarily it is in his thoughts that his happiness and efficiency are determined; and he is learning that the condition of his emotional health indicates whether or not he shall have peace, serenity and strength. This book, "A Guide to Confident Living," by Norman Vincent Peale, does help one to lift his mental life into higher altitudes and find a way to living confidently. Samuel Johnson said: "It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

* * *

The next book chosen for this Book Chat has a rather unusual title. We have had books on the art of many things, such as "The Art of Conversation," "The Art of Living," by Andre Maurois, "The Art of Life," by Havelock Ellis, and rather recently, "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," by Otto Eisenschiml, and many, many others, some of which were of course on the arts of painting, sculpture, and so forth. But this book is quite different—it is "The Art of Staying Sane," and is written by Joseph Barth, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Miami, Florida. Do not let that fact keep you from being interested in what I have to say about this book, for as Pierre van Paassen says in a foreword which he has written for it, "Its simplicity of language is indeed the mark of its genuineness. . . . Joseph Barth . . . has the prophetic spirit as few have it in our day. He can be very patient, but he can also be angry with a quiet and self-possessd intensity. The sight of injustice, of strength or wealth presuming on its advantages, of incompetence in high places, calls out in him something like the passion that has made men patriots when their people were oppressed, something of that temper which will always make tyranny insecure, and persecution hazardous." Mr. Van Paassen says that he is moved by an immense love of his fellow men, and writes as he speaks, to the point and in the language of our time.

In connection with the title of this book, the author says he was thumbing his way through the nineteenth volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, looking for the word "sanity." He failed to find the word "sanity," so, disappointed and disgusted he turned to volume fourteen and looked for "lunacy." Ah—there it was in black, bold type in the center of the page; LUNACY, but under "lunacy" there was no treatment of the subject, only a note, "see insanity." "So (says Mr. Barth), I started out looking for 'sanity' and wind up in ten pages of 'insanity'."

If traditional values satisfy you, you are warned to beware of this author. For he is unconventional and highly suspicious of tradition, generally accepted catch-words, and uncritical dogmas. "Wish-think about it all you like," he says, "but don't say you know it is so until you can prove it to the world." He has a most interesting chapter on "Women in the New World to Come"—a chapter which will be as interesting to men as to women. Then a chapter on "The Worst Enemy of the Better"—"The Dangers of Being Intelligent"—"Why Is Mysticism?"—"Mr. Capital and Mrs. Labor"—"That Man—John L. Lewis"—"Can Democracy Survive?" In all there are 16 chapters, each entirely independent of the other and on a wide variety of subjects, from "The Art of Staying Sane," the first chapter, from which the book derives its title, to the last chapter, "When the Atom Bomb Falls."

He says in his first chapter, "You

may set out with normal good intentions to live thoughtfully, sympathetically, cooperatively, healthfully, responsibly, courageously among your fellows, but unless you are very wise you may find yourself worrying and wondering and fearing and hating and blaming and making yourself ill. Set out to face facts and despite yourself you may end up trying to escape them. Set out seeking sanity and you may end up in some degree of insanity." Mr. Barth believes the difficulty goes much deeper than merely wanting to be sane. For he thinks that everybody wants to do what he believes to be right. "But as Socrates pointed out," he says, "a person of good will without intelligence may cause just as much social evil as the person who lacks good will." The book is published by the Beacon Press and the publishers tell us this book is strong fare and not for "soft minds." But I think you will find it strong fare only in the sense that every chapter is full of fine flavor, and that it stimulates your thinking, whether you agree with all the author says or not. We are told that Barth is not always philosophical and that we will sometimes see language in its shirtsleeves, "but we will have a nobler idea of the meaning—and the possibilities—of sanity!"

In the author's discussion of "Women in the New World," he says "Of this I am sure, that in the new world to come, for many years of it, women and men are going to be less secure, less stable in old traditions and ancient conventions. Change will be heaped upon us even against our wills. The old agrarian family pattern of home life is breaking up. . . . Let us not cling to it too desperately. A new pattern of family life is in the borning. A new home is evolving, a spiritual home as spiritually real as is the love I hold for my mother a thousand miles away, yet not dependent upon four walls or a frying pan to make it binding. The home of tomorrow will have a physical center in a room or rooms somewhere, among houses on a street or in a high apartment, but that will be only a physical center and we will recognize the fact. Home will be the spiritual reality of trust shared by a mother, father, children, a set of common ideals commonly sought for, discussed and through common family labor achieved. The new home will not be limited geographically by a house or a hedge or a fence. The world will be our new home in the days to come. Increasingly it will be so, and increasingly we shall know it. And in that world men and women will labor freely, equally, sharing in each other's joys, being consolers of each other's sorrows, loving one another, and their children, in all the chances and changes of their lives. Women will be educated equally with men. Their talents will be used equally with those of men. They will be paid no less than men. Women, no less than men, will be at home in the world and will work in it. That world will be their home. Yes, in that new world to come, even a man's place will be in the home."

The author started this chapter with the old saying "A Woman's place is in the Home," explaining the growth of that idea, until he finally develops it into the larger area, where men and women will both have a place. Mr. Barth sometimes gets a little nervous when people agree in their praise of what he says, for how does he know that he is not merely reinforcing their prejudices with his own and so making them "happy." Or if he provokes hot disagreement in people, is he justified, as he would like to be, in thinking that it is "his truth" that has stirred up "their prejudice" to anger? How, in

other words, can he be quite sure that he is sane or that they are? He says he thinks there is a way of knowing. "If you find anybody who is absolutely certain that he is sane, then you can be absolutely sure that such a person is dangerously whacky. If you are not so certain about it as a crazy person is, then in all probability there is still hope for you." But in any case "staying sane is the job, and the fun of traveling on the road is the reward for trying it."

I find myself recalling these words of Robert Henri, which he calls "The Art Spirit":

"There are moments in our lives, there are moments in a day, when we seem to see beyond the usual. Such are the moments of our greatest happiness. Such are the moments of our greatest wisdom. . . . It was in this hope that the arts were invented. Signposts on the way to what may be. Signposts toward greater knowledge."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden"
Lake Vermilion

Dear Friends:

Since August came stealthily in over night, we have awakened mornings to a new song in the pines—it seems to be a song of farewell to summer—plaintive and rather drowsy. A stillness has settled over everything—the bird voices are hushed—only now and then there is a low call from a warbler or a veery, and the robins will soon have their last nestlings out, teaching them to fly. That lovely mauve haze that comes only in August veils the shoreline of the mainland, distant islands and more distant pine clad hills, having the effect of seeming unreal, as though the entire scene might disappear any moment; not at all as a fog rolls over the land and blots it from view. August haze is a sheer veil—like thin smoke. The sky is a much softer blue than the deep, clear blue of midsummer, and filmy clouds, scarcely moving, show the color behind them. These days are so divinely beautiful one feels like just sitting quietly looking, looking, absorbing all of the beauty possible into your soul to feed upon when days are drab and sunless in wintertime.

I'm sitting on our broad boat dock in the sunshine, which is not too warm, just delightfully comfortable, and the air is soft as silk. When the sun sets in colorful pageantry, the air will cool instantly, and then in an amazingly short time the shades of evening fall and dark comes quickly. A little later there is sudden illumination—the great "Harvest Moon" sails up over the pine ridge, dispelling the darkness, and golden moon-gleam makes a shimmering path across the bay to the little Island's shore, and we, gazing entranced, are in fairyland.

The garden is beautiful these tranquil August days, flowers seemingly blooming as fast and as prolifically as

possible before autumn overtakes them. Snapdragons of lemon yellow; others in coral shades, are so lovely; Nicotiana (always at its best in August), tall stalks bearing pure white, starlike flowers, scenting the evening air with their delightful perfume, are specially beautiful backed by a group of orange tiger lilies; and large groups of zinnias are resplendent in shades of coral, all the yellow and orange shades, purples—and at some little distance from these are gorgeous reds and creamy white. But I must not ramble on through the whole border, for when I begin to talk about flowers and their harmonizing color and arrangement I just don't know how to stop.

In a few days the Island will be tingling with excitement, for the 18th will be my dear husband's 60th birthday. There has been a good deal of whispering of secrets going on among us for some time and we are watching the mail carefully for packages and cards brought daily now by the mailboat to our dock. I take everything that looks suspiciously birthdayfied before Doctor gets a chance to open it, and hide it away till the great day! I am sure that many hearts will hold a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of Life on the natal day of this man who is precious not alone to his family but to the hundreds—even thousands—he has helped, comforted, inspired, cheered. May he have many more years of health, peace and contentment—many more Happy Birthdays to celebrate at our little Island home that is so dear to him! And now we must look into the Mail Bag:

The first letter I have chosen tells better than any words of mine why thousands are grateful on this birthday of Preston Bradley. His words gave her courage to carry on in the face of blindness, and so she is grateful: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I am an old lady 72 years old. And three years ago I had both eyes removed. Then I got me a radio, and I've been listening to your program ever since. I want to tell you how your broadcasts have helped me.

"When my eyes were gone, I guess that was the lonesomest time in my life. I just thought I couldn't do anything. Then listening to your broadcast, I began to try to do things. First I crocheted potholders; they worked out pretty good. Then I tried making rugs, but the material cost too much, and besides they didn't benefit anybody very much. I had learned to knit when I could see, so I started trying knitting, and that has been more than a success. I sold socks, mittens and children's hoods that I made last winter. I was busy all winter, thanks to your radio talks and the Divine Power that has helped me in my handicap.
Yours respectfully, with appreciation,
Mrs. Martha Livermore,
Germfash, Michigan."

* * *

Here is a letter which came in response to a question Dr. Bradley asked of his radio audience this spring. It concerned the possibility of publishing a book of the broadcasts he had given during the season. Eleanor A. Gilleo, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, writes:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: Just before you asked on the broadcast whether your listeners would be interested in a book compiled of the talks, I had been thinking of just such a thing. Many people need such a help. It has only been since Christmas that I have heard your encouraging talks, because I did not have a radio before. I realize now that had I been able to listen in on your inspiring broadcasts the past few years during the time I was seriously ill here and alone, it would have made a great deal of difference in my circumstances and my children's, which

after all is the most important. Your talks on courage, the future, and such topics, are so helpful. And to think I have missed your broadcasts all these years!

"Don't think, though, that a book will be as good as your talks, because after all it is your calm, assuring voice that really sends the message home, and many folks who listen would not go to the trouble to look up passages and read them just when they most needed them. On the other hand, there are advantages in having the ideas set down, so I guess we need both. Sincerely yours,"

* * *

And here is a letter from Pastor Argyl E. Houser, of the Universalist Church of Oaklandon, Indiana. You may remember seeing a letter in the Mail Bag from Chaplain Argyl Houser, of the S. S. Texarkana Victory, during the war, for Dr. Bradley received letters from him at that time. His letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: First I wish to thank you SO MUCH for the copies of your books that always blessed the people, soldiers and war brides on my ships. Your ministry was deeply felt and you spoke through my ministry and your books. Thanks for all you have meant to me through the years.

"I am now minister at this Oaklandon church (almost suburban Indianapolis) and I publish a little paper that now goes to 1400 families (copy enclosed). Sometime I hope to have you here for a lecture. Would that be possible?

"Another request: Would you be so kind as to write a short Guest Editorial for my little sheet along the line of A WORKABLE RELIGION. I'd like to have it for the Sept. 1st or 8th issue. Sincerely, Argyl Houser."

The paper which the Rev. Houser enclosed is called "The Hoosier Voice of Fellowship," and under the heading "The Wayside Philosopher," he has written the following:

"During the World War America demonstrated what can be accomplished by united action. It is just as important to mobilize human resources in time of peace as it is in time of war. Why? Because prosperity in community life is not automatic. It has to be secured through the mobilization of the brains, the energy, and the vision of the people. And why are men everywhere getting together and working together? Because of the deep-seated realization that an individual is bound to benefit if the community progresses, and that apathy and selfish indifference end in individual loss. This is why in every community cooperation should be religious in its intensity. It is distinctly to the individual's economic and social advantage to co-operate.

"And this is true: only through definite organization can the energies and talents of the people be assembled and effectively coordinated for the benefit of all, and each.

"Such an organization is needed in every community because it is the only body that has for its sole objective the advancement of the community's commercial, industrial, social and other interests."

This article by "The Wayside Philosopher," Rev. Argyl E. Houser, is a good note on which to close the Mail Bag, as we begin to think about the opening of church and our cooperative effort in our own community. Every group in the church, as well as each individual member and friend, can cooperate in our first big project of the fall season—The Annual Bazaar!" Keep writing, and

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

37th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). Opening service of the 37th Season of the Peoples Church, Sunday, September 19th ..... 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast). Opening Sunday Evening Service of the 37th Season will be Sunday Evening, November 7th ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Meets in Anderson Hall, with classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent. Opening Sunday, September 19th ..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday, October 1st, in Anderson Hall, the "Sunday School Left Out Players" will present "Nature Boy Comes Back," under the direction of John Forester. Price of admission will be one donation for the Bazaar Booth. Everyone welcome ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL—Regular rehearsals for the 37th Season will start Friday, September 10th, in the church auditorium. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director (Auditions 7:30 p.m.) ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every other Monday in Anderson Hall. Opening Luncheon, Monday, September 27th, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker. Guest artists to be announced later. An hour of opera will be given, under the direction of Zerlina Metzger.. 12:30 p.m.

First Regular Meeting, Anderson Hall, Monday, October 11th. A dramatic reading of the play "Marked Corners" (boyhood of Abraham Lincoln) will be given by Kathryn Melton Simmons. The play was written by Francesca Falk Miller, a member of the Woman's Club. Reynold Leiva, Concert violinist, will be the musical artist of the day.... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. Opening meeting, Tuesday, October 5th, in Anderson Hall. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest Speaker. Subject to be announced. Refreshments. Everyone welcome. Meeting open to men and women ..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, October 12th, first Business Meeting for the season. Very important to members. Friends and prospective members are also welcome. Refreshments ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall. Opening Meeting, Monday, September 27th. Dr. Preston Bradley, Speaker ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40) Edg. 3519 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with the Professional and Business Woman's Club, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Ruth Kruskopf, Pres., Jun. 3229; Dolly Kolberg, Sec.-Treas., Gra. 4793 New. 7185 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall during church season.. 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Anderson Hall. Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec., 840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 8871 ..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, during Church Season. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Summer season at Lake Geneva extends through Sept. 18th, at Luzern Garden Theatre. 'Phone Lake Geneva 9. Transportation by bus, C. & N.W. train or automobile ..... 8:30 C.S.T.

Opening, Eleventh Street Theatre, Chicago, Wednesday, October 13th, and continuing Thursday, 14th, Saturday, 16th at 8:30 p.m. and Sunday, 17th, Matinee, 3:00 p.m. See complete schedules, page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday, September 5th and 12th, a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley by electrical transcription over WJJD ..... 11:00 to 11:15 a.m.

Beginning Sunday, September 19th and every Sunday thereafter, WJJD will broadcast the entire morning service of the Peoples Church ..... 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Beginning Monday, September 20th, Dr. Bradley will be heard for his twelfth season with the same sponsor and over the same station, Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle Street **Michigan 7766**

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

* * *

Second Season at Summer Headquarters

LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE

The Theatre Under the Stars

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

'Phone Lake Geneva 9

SEPTEMBER SCHEDULE

"THE LITTLE FOXES".....September 1, 2, 7, 8, 9

"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST".....September 3, 4, 5, 6

"PORTRAIT IN BLACK".....September 10, 11, 12, 13, 17, 18

"BRIGADOON"—Recital Version.....September 14

Easy transportation by bus, Northwestern train or automobile

* * *

Twenty-Fifth Season of the Uptown Players
Opening Night—11th Street Theatre—Wednesday, October 13th
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